Of Interest to Women.

The Vice-President's Wife at Three Epochs of Her Life—The Story of Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson's First Success.

A W. C. T. U. BOYCOTT.

Newark Ladies Won a Fight with Brewers and a Trolley Company.

When an organization of women overcomes a corporation there is no further use in denying that women cannot combine. This has been done in Newark, where the W. C. T. U. has downed the Consolidated Traction Company. It seems that in order to facilitate the human traffic of Newark, a system of transfers was used. The street car people, having a frugal mind, procured an advertisement extolling the glories of a certain beer. It is this advertisement which was regarded as a work of artt by the brewers, as a triumph typography on the back of the little red transfers, and as a valuable source of income by the Consolidated Traction Company has been erased. The women of the W. C. T. U. refused to make use of the transfers so long as they bore the advertisement of the beer. They loved to ride on the trolleys, the trolleys were convenient, even necessary, but rather than countenance that advertisement, or pass it on, they would hold up their skirts and walk. A committee of the W. C. T. U. went to the Department of Public Works to have the contract with the breweries annulled. If that was not done some old prohibitory statutes was to be revived and applied. The admirable generalship of this busy decisive campaign is due to Mrs. Emma Bourne. The offending advertisement was removed. The Consolidated Traction Company says it didn't want that beer advertisement anyway. The transfers are once more a neat, red pasteboard unadorned.

SPIDER WEB VEILS.

The very latest in veils is a large, delicate mesh somewhat resembling a spider's web. A curious little white speck like a fly near the left eye and on the right close by the mouth is an arrangement of spots which might easily be mistaken for a spider. This veil is bordered with a little narrow edge of Honiton lace and two love-knots within a reasonable distance of a pretty mouth. If the veil is white the spider and the fly are black, and vice versa. This might truly be called the allegorical veil, assuming the face to be young and innocent, looking at the world beyond with wondering eyes. The old-time useful fashion of gathering the ends and front, making the veil fit comfortably around the face, has been quite done away with. Instead, it is allowed to hang loose and fall in funny little frills, resembling, on a smaller scale, the godets of our gowns. A few years ago this fashion was considered the special prerogative of old ladies. Some women have a born talent for buying veils, and it is generally the woman who is not over young to whose toilet a becoming veil is more important than all the rest. The most popular these cold days is a heavy chenille dot and very close together; in this the white-haired woman with a youthful face is seen at her best.

THE IMPROMPTU MISSED FIRE.

"What do you intend to say to the bride when you go up to speak to her?" asked a young man of a lady of his acquaintance at a recent wedding.

"Well, as the bridegroom is a relative of mine, I think I shall say that I am very glad to have such a nice new cousin," was the answer.

"Then I will follow directly after you and tell her that I wish I could say the same."

When the moment arrived the young man did not hear the lady's greeting, but, supposing that she had carried out her part of the programme as arranged, he pressed the bride's hand and said:

"I wish that I could say the same."

A look of surprise came over her face, and the other lady turned with a laugh and exclaimed:

"Oh, I forgot all about our agreement and told her that I was having such a good time at her wedding."

A WORD ABOUT FLOWERS.

The Mrs. Pierpont Morgan rose is in high favor just now for table decorations. Its petals are a rich pink color, tipped with a deeper shade, and its stem is thick and strong, so that it continues to stand upright long after the Bridesmaid and Mermet have drooped and faded.

The most popular flower in yellow for luncheons and dinners is the daffodil.

At a luncheon given recently by a prospective bride to her bridesmaids the decorations were entirely of white bride roses and maiden-hair ferns.

Red and white carnations combined with blue hyacinths make an effective centre piece for a Washington's Birthday dinner.

DUSTERS FOR THE HEATHEN.

Lent is ever productive of fresh fields for labor. This year young women are sewing for the African savages with unwonted vigor. One class of school girls have agreed to devote one afternoon a week to the worthy cause. As the climate is warm and little clothing required, they have determined to make dusters and to send them by the score. It is expected that the inspiration to neatness will be immediately felt, and that the heathen will develope into housewives only rivalled by our own New Englanders.

AN EXCITING DEBATE.

The Woman's Suffrage Club, of San Francisco, held an excited meeting last week. The guest of honor was Miss Lucy Anthony, niece of the famous reformer, the speaker of the day the Rev. Kate Hughs, of Illinois, and the discussion grew out of some remarks comparing the difficulty of the work in Chicago with that of San Francisco. The ladies of the club were unwilling to let such an imputation pass and vigorously asserted that while the women of California had not yet gained the right of suffrage, there was no State in the Union, where they had more fredom.

JAPANESE COLLECTIONS.

In this day of over-decoration we might get a needed art lesson from the rich Japanese. They are avaricious collectors of all manner of beautiful things, yet never lumber their houses in our fashion. Instead, they have each a warehouse—godown is the native name—and there they hoard their precious things, taking out, now one, now another, and feasting their eyes upon the beauty of each for say a week, when it is put back, and something else set up in its stead.

MISS KENDALL'S REFORM.

The Police of New York City Are the Objects of Her Attention.

Miss Kendall, of No. 17 West Thirty-fifth street, has undertaken an entirely new project. She is endeavoring to reform the police. While her Gotham sisters have been interesting themselves in civil service reform, organizing societies for political study, and bending every energy to purify city government, this woman, almost unaided, has set about her task, believing it to be the surest, quickest and best way to bring about the desired result. She looks for converted policemen as the happiest of rewards.

Miss Kendall is a slight little woman. Her hair, parted and drawn smoothly over

her ears, shows that Time has shaken his powder puff thickly over her. She is a quaint character. Her idea is to reform the police individually, teaching them to fulfil their duties with Christian grace, truthfulness, honesty and uprightness in all things.

Every Sunday afternoon doors are thrown open at No. 235 West Thirtieth street, and the police and some interested friends gather and prayers are offered. There is some music. Miss Kendall and her friends call themselves the New York Christian Police Association. About 100 policemen attend the meetings. No questions are asked in regard to denomination. All is free and simple.

AUNTY MIKE'S BUSINESS SCHEME.

Chicago is always ambitious. Even her colored population belongs to the advanced guard of thinkers. "Aunty Mike" is a living proof of what enterprise and pluck will do. In a remote corner of the city in a little one-story shanty, she carries on a successful business and rents lodgings under strict rules. Her especial luck in securing a chincelle comes from the fact that the sheets are religiously kept clean, and from her absolute refusal to harbor tramps or "bums." Her business is done for cash only, although she says that almost every night "finely dressed white gentlemen come and offer a silk necktie or a pair of gloves." The rule is strict, however, and no such are admitted. From ten cents to twenty-five is her price, the former meaning a wooden bunk, the latter the luxury of an iron bed, but not even the biggest sum secures a separate room or allows any infringement of the regulations. Over the entrance to the dingy dormitory is a card making all requirements plain and laying specia lstress upon the fact that "no nuisance or laying a-bed all day allowed."

RETURN OF THE BUSTLE.

But It Prefers to Be Called a Dress Improver.

"Improver" is now the respectful name for bustle, and, according to the best dressmakers, no skirt can be entirely right without one. As long as back breadths were crinolined straight up to the waist they were not necessary; but since stiffening these days is confined to the skirt bottom, there is bound to be a "slink" just below the belt line that the absence of some sort of a cushion will reveal at once. It is to do away with this that bustles have been resurrected. In all sizes and shapes, dear and cheap, they are as plentiful as blackberries in Summer.

One long bustle advised for very slender figures is a boned affair of satin or muslin that suggests a young hoopskirt. This is adjusted to the figure by a series of tapes that tie halfway down to the knees in front. It is not calculated to promote comfort, but it gives a proper unbroken line to the stand-off look of the skirt back. Another long bustle is fashioned of stiff haircloth in organ pleats. These may be in two rows, the pleats narrowing sharply at the top. Again a single row of the organ pleats will terminate at this point in a Bath bun cushion of round puffs. A combination hip pad and improver has a frilled haircloth back, in several rows, and stuffed hip sections of satin or muslin. Then there are flounce bustles of silk or satin, covering haircloth, that are extremely narrow, and round hair-filled cushions that are no larger than a comfortable saucer.

These last are much in favor with dressmakers, and they will be found in many cases all that is necessary for graceful outline. Other dressmakers prefer, for stout figures, short bustles made only of doubled pleatings of stiff silk, which are sewed in the back of the skirt.

If you must live with your improver this last is a comfortable sort to take to.

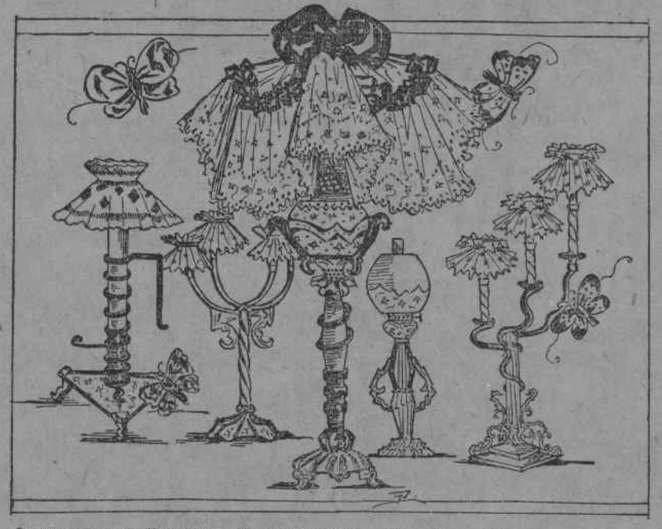
Sewed to the dress—bustles in their nature are elusive affairs—it has also the added virtue of being found when wanted.

Speaking of the equality of the sexes recalls George Eliot's Mrs. Holt, who "thanked God she had no need to put herself on a level with the thief on the cross, since she had done so many good works she could afford to discount salvation by faith."

He—I may be poor, but there was a time when I rode in a carriage.

She—Yes; and your mother pushed it.

The Evening Lamp and the Nocturnal Candle.



Lamps are complimentary. Therefore women like them. Not only are they of value by night, but also by day. They make the afternoon tea a function to be sought, so charming is their soft light, so becoming are their chastened rays. A woman can no more have too many lamps than too many jewels, or too much money. Until the occasion arises one never knows which height or which tint will give the best effect. Just now globes are in supreme favxor, and the chiffon shades are a little passe. Nevertheless, many hostesses claim that no other material so perfectly filters the rays or sheds so beneficent a light. While that opinion holds, the bellounced shade will never fall into disuse. The globe, on the other hand, has the advantage of being "the latest out." Some peculiarly gorgeous specimens are made of shells and are almost as costly as fine gold. Others are elaborately jewelled in the rococo style, and some of Oriental make show open-work metal over tinted porcelain. But the globe of daily use, the globe chosen to shed light rather than to serve as ornament, is the glass or porcelain of soft, tender yellow or peculiar Solferino pink. The former has the rare merit of being decorative alike by day and by night. The latter, while it gives a delicious light, is not peculiarly attractive by day. Unfortunately, the pinks that are "pretty" are not the pinks that give agreeable effect.

ETIQUETTE OF LETTERS.

How to Write Epistles According to the Rules of "Good Form."

Etiquette prevents an agony of uncertainty. The limits of many pleasures are defined by it, as are consideration for many afflictions. The custom formerly prevailed of adding "Esq." to every man's name. This has fallen into disuse among fastidious writers.

"Mrs." and "Miss" should always precede the name of a woman on the outside of the letter.

While no man would write "Mr." before his signature, it is proper to use it upon his card.

When expressing one's self in the third person, or when writing a formal invitation or an announcement it is quite proper to use the prefix.

If a woman's signature is written in full, or her card bears her full name, letters addressed to her should be directed in the same manner.

In letters of a business nature, the postal address and date of writing should be placed at the top of the sheet on the right side. In case of friendly correspondence, they may be written at the left of the page, below the signature.

In a formal letter, or one of business or ceremony, the full name of t he person addressed should be written at the left, at the top of the page, and followed by a colon. Below it, a little to the right, is written "Dear Madam" or, to be more cordial, "My Dear Madam." This also should be succeeded by a colon.

An unmarried woman is addressed as "Madam" in a letter of a strictly formal nature.

Business letters should be addressed to a widow without her individual name, and social letters according to her engraved card. Strictly speaking, a woman has no right to use her husband's Christian name after his death. If she is unwilling to relinquish it, a kindly usage permits its retention in social letters only. Therefore, it would be discourteous to write her name otherwise than she desires t to appear.

In letters to the oldest unmarried woman of the family the superscription should read "Miss Jones." If there is a street and number or some other means of securing proper delivery. If she should live in a small town where there are no letter carriers she may be addressed by her Christian name or her initials should be prefixed to her family name.

The name of a younger sister should always appear in full on the outside of a letter and also within, be the correspondence ceremonious or otherwise.

No young woman should be so undignified as to write her name "Kitty," "Mamie" or "Marie." Persons who address her need not fall into the same error, but should always write the prefix.

The residence number should always be written in numerals, except when the name of the street is a number. Then it is good form to spell it in full.

The name of a State or country should never be abbreviated.

The termination of a letter should always be formulated according to rules. "Your obedient servant" and "Most obediently yours" have disappeared.

Do not fall into the habit of ending a letter without regard to the closeness of your relations with the recipient. Business letters should conclude with "Yours," "Yours truly," or "Respectfully yours." Social communications should end with "Cordially," "Sincerely," "Faithfully," or "Always yours," or some similar form expressing regard. It is not absolutely necessary that the concluding phrase expresses the full amount of the writer's friendliness and esteeem. It should always be sincere and appropriate.

A woman never writes "Cordially" before her signature when addressing a man unless she be elderly or the friendship is a close one. In writing to a person who is unmistakably superior in position or acquirements, self-respect forbids an admission of this fact in the form of address, either inside or outside of the letter.

A letter should be applied to either according to previous agreement regarding intervals, or else as quickly as the nature of the contents demands.

Letters containing questions should be answered at once.

Epistles purely intellectual or upon emotional topics should be answered when the impulse of writing is upon you.

A business letter demands an immediate response. When time is required for consideration, a brief note should be sent stating this fact.

THE FINEST JEWELS IN NEW YORK

Mrs. Astor's diamonds are the most numerous and costly stones of their kind.

Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont can boast of the finest pearls.

Mrs. Frederick Sheldon's emeralds are unequalled in beauty and number.

Mrs. Bradley Martin has the handsomest and most complete set of rubies.

Mrs. Joseph Drexel has probably the finest sapphires.

Mrs. Adlai E. Stevenson.

Wife of the Vice-President of the United States and president of the Daughters of the Revolution.

Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson's First Success.

She was only fourteen (and her health too delicate to admit of her attending school more than a few weeks at a time) when she conceived and executed the ambitious design of writing a book.

This was to be a Christmas present to her beloved father and, she also hoped, a financial success and the means of helping him out of his business troubles.

To keep this a profound secret and a surprise she was compelled to write at night, consuming the midnight oil so lavishly that the housemaid noticed and commented on the fact, and finally th. old family cook "Minervy," whose breadmaking duties called her to the kitchen in the early morning hours, observed her light still burning. She indignantly relieved her feelings on Mrs. Evans in this wise:

"Miss, you's always worryin' about that Augusta Jane and a-complainin' she's so weakly and don't eat nothin' and nothin' I cooks don't suit her, and there aint no reason on this yearth for it but because she's too perlitical!"

"Too perlitical! Why, what do you mean?"

"Well, ma'am, it's jes' that she is too perlitical. I sees her light a-burnin' every mornin' of the world 'fore day when I is makin' out my rolls, and Silvey say her lamp done burn clean empty every day, and I tells you she is 'tirely too perlitical."

Whereupon, because of this information, the young girl was interviewed, and after much squirming and many eadeavors to evade confession she was finally compelled to disclose her cherished secret to that dear, sympathetic mother, who was ever the friend and confidante and stimulus of her life.

I am glad to chronicle that the book "Inez" was finished in time. It was perhaps a moment of the purest and most unalloyed happiness in her life when she presented her Christmas gift to her proud and delighted father.

It was soon after her family moved from Georgia to Texas and long prior to the writing of "Inez" that another Christmas was vividly impressed on her memory.

The stockings were hung, as usual, at the foot of the parents' bed, and she and the little sisters and brothers, filled with delightful anticipations, marched joyfully in to take possession, when her father inquired if she had attended to her pet kitten. Like a thunderbolt from the clear sky was the thought that in the excitement she had forgotten to feed it, and, leaving all her treasures unnoticed, she rushed out to look for it, and in "the beautiful, cold snow" found the little creature, dead!

The glory of that day had departed. That Christmas was spent in inconsolable tears and bitter self-reproach, and the consequences of duty neglected left an impression time has never obliterated.

After "Inez" Miss Evans wrote Beulah," "St. Elmo," "Macaria," "Vashti," "Infelicite" and "At the Mercy of Tiberus."

A SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS WOMAN

The question as to whether or not women can succeed in business has been settled, in part at least, by Mrs. Mark Howard, of Chicago. Mrs. Howard is a quiet, fair-haired woman, with absolutely no taint of the "new," yet she is the successful head of a large tea house, and personally superintends all business details.

She is the niece of Sir John Srinlinton, the Ceylon Commissioner at the World's Fair, and from him she received her first business training besides the impetus that led to the selection of the tea trade. Her success, however, is due to her own ability and untiring energy. She declares that in all her transactions she has found men of all sorts and conditions uniformly courteous, and her only wonder is that more women do not go into trade instead of being content to be typewriters and the like.

UNDER TEN PRESIDENTS.

North Oxford, Mass., has the honor to claim the oldest postmaster in the United States, and the one who has seen longest service. Miss Martha Elvira Stone was appointed by President Pierce, and has filled her post with honor ever since, covering in all a period of forty years. She is seventy-nine years old, but hale and hearty, and is the encyclopaedia of the village. Her official duties seem to be no burden, in spite of her weight of years, and she is always ready to talk over old times, but likes best to discuss her cousin Clara Barton and her work. To those who know the famous Red Cross worker through her labors, it seems strange to hear her spoken of as "Clary," yet it is by that familiar name that her aged relative likes best to think of her.

JERSEY GIRLS TO BECOME M. D.'S.

The Woman's Medical College on Stuyvesant Square, boasts a whole colony of Jersey girls known as "the family," so united are their aims and lives. Each morning they come to thec ity from the Oranges, Montclair and outlying towns; each evening they swell thte throng that crosses the ferry bound for home. But in the interval much hard work and some fun falls to their lot. The four years' course is exacting, but girls will find time to be merry, let them work as they will, and the lunch hour finds "Pa" lighting the gas stove. "Ma" concocting delicious cocoa, and all the children, including "baby," sharring the good things each has contributed to the common fund.

CORPULENCE AND HEREDITY.

The horror of increasing stoutness hangs over the fashionable women of the present day, and it is not at all an uncommon thing to meet a young girl with every appearance of perfect health, who is constantly under the care of a physician, and who eats according to a diet list with which he provides her. This may have the desired effect for a time, but heredity is stronger than anything else in the world, and if one has corpulent progenitors the chances are "that all the king's horses and all the king's men" will be unable to keep one sylphlike after middle life.

STATE MOVED; SHE DIDN'T.

There lives a woman in Middle Tennessee, who, without ever moving from the house in which she was born, has been a citizen of two States and five counties. The explanation is that her farm lies upon the State line, just where several counties meet and corner. The early surveys were not over-accurate, so new lines have been run repeatedly, yet never to the full satisfaction of the authorities. In the changes the dwelling has been set now in this jurisdiction, now in that—and the owner of it has paid taxes, usually under injunction, to five sets of officials.

HER HUNGRY GUESTS.

Mrs. Davis, wife of the Senator, has recently undergone a novel experience which she is called on to narrate at every fresh gathering. The California Indians who are at present in the Capital determined to call upon her distinguished husband, but found only the lady at home, as it was her customary day for receiving. With true hospitality Mrs. Davis made them welcome to her home and her board, but the latter, with its tempting array of good things, proved to much for Indian nerves. She ate with the enthusiasm of their native appetites, and not content with satiated hunger plied their pockets with what remained. It is said in Washington that never before was an afternoon tea-service made to disappear so suddenly, but that Mrs. Davis maintained unruffled calm to the end.

Some time ago a small girl wrote to her prospective stepmother on a postal card and in the excess of her cordiality signed herself "your loving little daughter." She then proceeded to address the communication to "Miss Brown."

Friar Tuck—I feel sure I've met you before—er—at the Princeton and Yale match your brother——

Pierrette—Well—I know your face, but for the life of me I cannot remember your name.

ESCARGOTS A LA PIQUANTE.

Select as many of the escargots (snails) as is necessary and bathe, after having removed the shells, in warm water several times until they are entirely free from all glutinous matter.

A clear bouillon, which has been previously prepared, should be highly seasoned and flavored with herbs and ready on the fire to receive the escargots. Then cleanse the shells thoroughly by washing in warm water, and after brushing with a moist brush to add a polish, place in the oven to dry.

When the escargots have come to a boil, remove them from the bouillon and place in a clean towel for e few minutes; then prepare a quantity of butter mixed with finely chopped parsley and garlic, replace the escargots in their shells and fill in the space with the mixture. Cook in a pan, standing them upright one next the other over a very hot fire until the butter has entirely melted. Serve on warm plates garnished with parsley.

OYSTERS WITH SUGAR.

One autumn there appeared at Newport a poor woman, who went from door to door offering for a small consideration to afford entertainment to her spectators by eating such delicacies as they might provide in the way of candles, soap, old bits of leather, etc. One young man, who had tried the experiment himself and failed, offered her a dozen raw oysters plentifully besprinkled with powdered sugar. By a great effort the woman managed to eat about one-half of them. The remainder she found it impossible to swallow.

GRAMMARETTES.

Pointers for Women Wishing to Speak Pure English—Vide the Best Authorities.

Stop for stay.

Stop means to arrest motion; stay means to remain where arrested; therefore you stop at the railway station, but you do not usually stay there. You also stop at a hotel and stay there or not, as the case may be, but while you are there you stay, not stop.

Ice-water, ice-cream, for iced-water, iced-cream.

There is no such thing properly as either ice-wate ror ice-cream. The water is made cold by ice, and is, therefore, iced-water. The cream is really frozen cream, or, if used in connection with ice at all, it is iced-cream.

Widow woman.

Is superfluous. A widow is necessarily a woman. It would indeed be quite as well to mention a female lady.

Those sort for That sort.

"Those sort of men," for example, is incorrect. The pronoun belongs to sort, not to men, hence "That sort of men" is correct.

Catch (pronounced katch, not ketch) is frequently misused for reach. You cannot really catch a train of cars; you may reach it or get to it or catch up with it; you may catch some person who is in it or you may catch the measles, but you cannot catch a car.

Get means to attain possession by voluntary exertion; a man may, therefore, get a wife, or gets a fortune, but he cannot grammatically get left, nor can he get a black eye.

Grow means to increase, hence it is improperly used to express diminish; therefore, you cannot grow thin; you become thin and you grow stout.

Expect, for suppose, or think, is wrong; for example, "I expect he did so and so." To expect is to look forward; you cannot expect backward.

SHE DID WAVE IT.

The cynics who doubt the truth of the Barbara Fritchie incident have been forever put to shame. William G. Leedy, whose wife is a niece of the old lady, has made an authoritative statement and settled the matter beyond all dispute. He asserts that Mrs. Leedy knew her well and that the famous flag, together with other relics, is still preserved in the Fritchie family. It was only about two feet in size, but it was waved over the rebel host.

YELLOW GAUZE DRAPINGS.

At a recent wedding hangings of gauze, matching the colors of the flowers used, added not a little to the charming effect of the room. Pale yellow roses were used in generous but not lavish profusion, and at windows, doors, draped over mantels, and, in fact, wherever opportunity presented, were hangings of pale yellow gauze. The effect was not as theatrical as it, perhaps, sounds, but graceful and pleasing.

A LENTEN HOUSE GOWN.

It requires a true Parisienne to evolve a gown at once symbolical of the subdued season and chic in the extreme. The dainty confection shown in the drawing is in every way worthy the genius by whom it was conceived. It has quite recently come from over the sea to lighten the Lenton season and to help make its rigor less intense. The color is softest gray, the material is crepe, and on it are bunches of heliotrope, embroidered by hand. At intervals for the entire length of the skirt insertion of Valenciennes is let in, and at the feet is a double frill of heliotrope ribbon. The entire skirt is worn over a petticoat of gray silk, against which background both the color of the embroidery and the soft, creamy lace show to rare advantage. But the piece de resistance of the costume, the final touch that marks the abandonment of the gay world and devotion to serious matters is the fichu. That crowning feature is dainty in the extreme. The foundation is fi nest muslin, the finish Valenciennes put on in ample frills.